



Roadside

Flowers

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ROADSIDE FLOWERS

ROADSIDE FLOWERS

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE



SAN FRANCISCO

A. M. ROBERTSON

1903

GENERAL

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RIDING IN A STREET-CAR.

TRULY, riding in a street-car
Yieldeth stores of fun;
And the many folks you meet are
Studies, every one!

In yon corner sits a toiler
For his honest needs;
Next, an anarchistic spoiler,
Cursing hand that feeds.

Then a noisy politician,
Wrangling with another,
Of the moon-eyed John's condition,
As a "man and brother."

Here's a poet, musing stanzas,
Rhyming "rocks" and "shocks."
There's a seeker for bonanzas,
Meditating stocks.

Whence thy scent of rose and jessamine,
Araby the blest?
Lo! a dandy (splendid specimen!)
Deigneth near to rest.

But within the crowded street-car
Doubtful his repose,
Where the vulgar folks you meet are
Fashion's direst foes.

*Riding in a
Street-Car.*

First a pair of school-girls wriggle
O'er his tender feet,
Pushing on, with pertest giggle,
To a corner seat.

Then a mother fond and tender
Bids her darling stand
Close beside the man of splendor,
And its cherub hand

Strokes the horror-stricken dandy
With a soft caress,
Smearing with molasses-candy
All his faultless dress.

Scowls he on Cornelia's jewel,
Shrinking from its touch,
Muttering (ah! the monster cruel!),
"This is, aw—too much!"

Faster fileth now the street-car,
And the entering band,
Hoping for a cozy seat, are
Treated to—a stand!

Comes a woman, old and weakly,
Gray-haired, poorly dressed,
Tottering forward, looking meekly
For a place to rest.

For a place! Ah, vain to ask it!
Not a soul would stir
E'en although the heavy basket
Well-nigh crusheth her.

Presto! change! A silken rustle
Waketh my surprise,
And with glad and eager bustle
Quick the gallants rise!

*Riding in a
Street-Car.*

Feathered, jeweled, fair as Venus,
Comes a dashing belle,
Truly of a kindred genus
With the dainty "swell."

Thronged is now the narrow street-car—
Strange chaotic scenes!
Hapless ones without a seat are
Sandwiched like sardines.

Lean man's elbow in my eyes is,
As he holds the strap.
Woman of prodigious size is
Flopping in my lap.

Forth I rush, all breathless, stifled
By the noxious air,—
Forth I rush, my costume rifled
Of its freshness fair;

Yet, despite the desperation
Of my exodus,
When I reach my destination,
Runs my musing thus:

Really, riding in a street-car
Yieldeth stores of fun;
And the many folks you meet are
Studies, every one!

THE NEVA'S WHITSUNTIDE GARLANDS.*

THE Neva is blooming with garlands gay,
At Whitsuntide gather'd by girlish hands,
When Winter hath taken his tyrant sway
From the vast Muscovite lands.

When the sun hath melted the ice and snow,
With sharp and glittering spears of gold,
And the air is warmed by the Spring's soft
glow,
On steppes that were bleak and cold,

Then the maidens fashion their chaplets fair,
From blooms that broider the river's side,
As they sing: "O Neva! these mem'ries bear
To friends that are wand'ring wide."

For one hath a lover who serves the Tsar,
Or a woodman-sire in forests deep,
Or the worship'd brother, on plains afar,
Tendeth his nobleman's sheep.

O daughters of Russia! still keep this rite
Of a tender tradition that sends
O'er breast of your Neva such mem'ries bright
Of far love-garlanded friends.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS ANGEL.†

THE sweet stars shine and sparkle
Like eyes, so dear and fair;
Down floats an angel through them,
With treasures rich and rare.

*The Russian maidens have a pretty custom of casting garlands of flowers on the River Neva, at Whitsuntide, in memory of absent friends.

† Translated from the German.

He is a kindly spirit;
To earthly homes he brings
And with full hands divideth
The bright and lovely things.

*The
Children's
Christmas
Angel.*

While round him sport the children
In wildest, merriest glee,
A little bell out-peaaleth!
The snowy pinions flee!
And up where golden starlight
Through holy Heav'n doth gleam
They watch the angel floating
Soft as a shining dream!

And then the happy urchins
Leap up and clap their hands,
For wide the doors are opened,
And right before them stands,
With all its tapers lighted
And full as full can be,
The angel's crowning present,
The starry Christmas-tree!

THE CHILD'S WONDERFUL ANSWER.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

STAND the groups, serenely thoughtful,
Upward lifting reverent eyes
Where the starry flowers of Heaven
Brightly blossom in the skies;
And they speak, those earnest gazers,
Of the splendors All Divine
That beyond the fading star-beams
In immortal glory shine.

*The Child's
Wonderful
Answer.*

Then a wise and holy Prelate
Questions thus that awe-struck band:
"Is there anything in Heaven
That was made by human hand?"
There are gray-haired men and matrons
In the upward-gazing throng,
But to solve that wondrous question
They have vainly pondered long.

And each heart is strangely burdened
With a weight of mystic fears,
But a lad whose eye enshrineth
Wisdom far beyond his years
Enters softly, as the Prelate
Thus repeateth his demand:
"Tell me, is there aught in Heaven
That was made by human hand?"

Then this thrilling answer falleth
In a timid, childish tone:
"In our dear Lord's risen Body
Seated on his fadeless Throne
Are"—(the lad's sweet voice grows softer,
And with drooping head he stands)—
"Are the five Wounds of Redemption
Made by cruel human hands!"

"LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO WORRY."

NOW, tell me this, my nervous friend,
My fussy chronic fretter,—
Will sighs the "good luck" nearer send,
Or make the "bad luck" better?
Why give to Time more rapid wings
By endless, fuming flurry?
Ah! true refrain your rhymer sings:
"Life 's all too short to worry!"

If stocks go down, don't let your ire
Quite madden and o'erturn you,
If you will rush into the fire
Be patient, though it burn you.
If Fortune beckon from her car,
Don't run in headlong hurry,
For hasty steps unwholesome are,
And "Life's too short to worry."

*"Life Is
Too Short
to Worry."*

If you that hoped to serve the State,
And win Ambition's laurel
Are but the beaten candidate,
Don't rail, in senseless quarrel,
At those ungrateful voters who
Your rival's claims prefer,—he
May find his task too great to do,—
And "Life's too short to worry."

If ladies prove as false as fair,
Or men "deceivers ever,"
Don't sink in fathomless despair,
Or veins insanely sever.
"There's good fish yet as e'er was caught,"
Though that's not *à la* Murray,
'T will chime, a cheering sister thought,
With "Life's too short to worry."

Creation's lord! if boots are tight
Or buttonless each shirt is,
Sure, swearing will not set it right,
And wrath a greater hurt is.
Ah! what said Socrates the sage?
Like true philosopher, he
Thought time too valuable for rage,
And life too short to worry.

*"Life Is
Too Short
to Worry."*

If you are of the softer sex,
And ruined dresses tease you,
Don't let e'en that your spirit vex,
And with hysterics seize you.
Nay, 't is too vulgar! Every grace
Is lost by fret and flurry,
And frowns put wrinkles in the face,
And—"Life's too short to worry."

Keep cool, then, O ye folks of nerves!
Whate'er the aggravation;
A blister on a wound but serves
To rouse an irritation.
And when the wind is in the south
Feed not on peppered curry,
For ice is cooler in the mouth,
And—"Life's too short to worry."

But labor on, and do your best,—
Fulfill your trust completely,—
And calmly leave to God the rest,
Who "ruleth all things sweetly."
Perfected then the work will be,
Unmarred by fuss and flurry,
And at its tranquil close you'll see
Life was too short to worry!

Oh, blest the man whom "jar and fret"
Of noonday passeth lightly!
He, when his evening sun shall set
And starlight glistens brightly,
Like puss, shall bask his hearth beside,
Contented, calm, and purry,
Still singing as the moments glide,
"Life's all too short to worry!"

“FOLLOW ME.”

MATTHEW the Publican, at Capharnaum's gate,
Sits gathering there the grudged unwilling
toll,
In stolid calm,—though sneers of angry hate
Greet the scorned servitor of Rome's control.

He answers not, he recks not,—none he heeds
Amid the throng,—nor seemeth e'en to see
Forms Pharisaic, or from prancing steeds
The gay Herodians tossing careless fee.

And though he heard His frequent steps who
trod
Lost Earth to save it, yet unconscious still
The Sacred Presence of that hidden God
In his dulled heart awoke no reverent thrill,

Till that sweet day whereon the Master
turned
His radiant glance full on him, pityingly,
And while his soul with new, strange ardor
burned
That Master's voice said softly, “Follow
Me!”

Ah, favored publican! thou heedest now,
And, swiftly answering to that tender call,
Thou giv'st to Love thy apostolic vow,
For His sweet sake serenely leaving all.

Dear chosen follower of the Sacred Heart!
To sinful souls, world-hated, reckless, lone,
'Mid throngs like thee, yet outcast and apart,
Be that blest look of boundless pity shown.

"Follow Me." Aye, though their Lord hath passed unheeded
 by
 For years, perchance,—O may that sweet day
 be
 Theirs too at last, when they shall meet
 His eye,
 And, hearing, heed His tender "Follow Me!"

HYMN TO THE HOLY FACE.

HAIL, Holy Face! Hail, Brow Divine!
 Hail, Beauty veiled in matchless woe!
 Where, 'mid the thorns that rending twine,
 The ruby drops of anguish glow.
 Pierced Forehead of the Crucified!
 Our dying Saviour's pallid Brow!
 Let haughty head and heart of pride,
 Abashed, before Thee humbly bow.

Hail, Holy Face! Hail, Lips apart
 In that dread agony of death!
 Pale Portals! whence the riven Heart
 Sends forth its last love-prison'd breath.
 Blest Lips! that could this pardon breathe:
 "Forgive! they know not what they do!"
 Bid us the sword of hatred sheathe,
 When we to Heaven for mercy sue.

Hail, Holy Face! Hail, death-dim Eyes,
 Where love still shines with deathless ray!
 As, 'neath the gloom of dark'ning skies,
 Yet lives the light of glorious day.
 O tender Eyes! with beams of love
 Illume our weak and erring light,
 And turn our gaze to realms above,
 "Whereof the Lamb is e'er the Light."

O Holy Face! may we so shrine
Within our hearts Thine image true,
That, crowned with majesty divine,
Thy Brow may bless our rapturous view,
Thine Eyes with smiling glances greet
The souls Thy love hath rendered free,
Thy Lips repeat His welcome sweet:
"Be e'er in Paradise with Me!"

*Hymn to the
Holy Face.*

THE PARADISE FLOWER: A LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

THE Paradise Garden was closed for aye
To the sinful and sorrowful pair;
And joyless, unpardoned, they took their way
Through the desert so bleak and so bare.
"Ah! give but a rose from my loved, lost
bower!"

Prayed the desolate Mother of men:
"Or even one seed of that blest Queen
Flower,

Adorning each Paradise glen."
The bright-winged sentinel, heeding her
moan,

On the desert a rose-seed cast:
"Hope, exile of Eden! hope, wanderer lone!
For a Heaven-sent message thou hast!"
Oh, Mercy's sweet token the glad Eve nursed
With a tender and vigilant care,
Till numberless buds into ripe bloom burst
Over all the wide wilderness bare.

Man's forfeited garden thus gave to Earth
The gem of its radiant bowers,
When the love-cheered solitudes saw thy
birth,
Bright Queen of the Paradise Flowers!

THE ROSARY OF FLOWERS: A LEGEND.

THE little lay-Sister's work is done,
For the west is rich with the sunset's ray,
And the busy hands of the meek-souled nun
Are resting now in their wonted way.
On the kitchen table those hands had made
As fair in its spotless cleanliness
As her own white robe, they are gently laid.
But the toil-worn fingers fondly press
The beads of a rosary-chaplet old
That had hung at her girdle many a year.
Ah! priceless pearls and a chain of gold
Could never be to her heart so dear!
But she looketh now through a tearful mist
On the Cross that figures the Man-God's pain,
Till the nail-rent Feet she hath often kissed
Are wet with the flow of that ceaseless rain.
And sadly she murmurs: "My Lord! my Love!
Who hast given so freely Thy Life for me,
What gift do I send to Thy Throne above?
What meet reward have I proffered Thee?
My Sisters waft from their missals fair
Full many a tender and prayerful thought,
And they offer Thee broideries rich and rare
And delicate lace, by their deft hands wrought.
But I, unlettered, unskilled,—no gift
Is mine that even thy Saints may see—
And these ill-said prayers! Can I dare to lift
Such worthless offerings up to *Thee*?
Wilt Thou bear to look, with Thy gracious
eyes
On my "Gloria Patris"? Ah, wondrous sight!
As the words she breathes, on the table lies
A knot of violets, purple and white!
Then, startled, knowing scarce what she said,
She tremblingly uttered her Lord's own prayer!
And a radiant lily, from leaves outspread,

Its sweet balm poured on the grateful air!
"Ave Maria!" the Heav'n-blest nun
Went on, in her rapturous ecstasy,
And the brightest of roses, one after one,
Made haste, in a circle entwined to be!
So, decade by decade, in murmurs glad
She said, till a Rosary bloomed like these—
Snow-white for the joyful, and red for the sad,
And gold for the Glorious Mysteries.
That marvelous wreath! it is fashioned well—
But a bright flush dyeth her faded cheeks,
For a Voice as soft as the acolyte's bell
When the Host is lifted above her speaks;
O follower blest of the better part!
Arise, and see, at thy Spouse's Feet,
Thy Rosaries, kept with celestial art,
For the wreaths are finished! the chain's
complete!

The little lay-Sister, prompt before,
Came not to choir on that strange night,
So the good nuns sought her the Convent o'er,
And found her dead 'neath the blossoms
bright!
But lo! on the table, in lines of gold,
These words with a flamelike luster burned:
"The prayers of a pure heart here behold,
By love to a blossoming Rosary turned!"

THE ORIGIN OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

ONCE strolled by the river a winsome pair,
In the beautiful "Long Ago,"—
A brave young knight and a lady fair,—
While the peace of the Spring-tide charm'd
the air,
And softened the sunset glow.

*Origin
of the
Forget-
me-not.*

Far down by the brink of the broad stream
grew
Sweet flowers that matched her eyes.
For their leaves were bright with the self-
same hue,—
'Twas the color of Truth, the tender blue
Of Summer's unclouded skies.

Then the maid in rapturous wonder cried:
"Ah! never this land before
Saw Heaven's own blooms, with its azure
dyed.
They were sown, I ween, by the glorified,
To gladden our earthly shore."

Outspake the fond lover: "O lady mine!"
(And he bent o'er the stream's bright edge,
"Those heavenly flowers must soon be thine.
They shall hide no longer their charms divine
'Mid noisome rushes and sedge.")

Ah, venturesome knight! thou did'st lean too
far
Adown from the slimy bank,
And the form that, scathless from wound or
scar,
So valiantly strove in the lengthen'd war
To death in the bright stream sank.

But ere he was lost to her frenzied view,
Spellbound to the fatal spot,
Lo! the gather'd blooms to her feet he threw.
And cried (O lover so brave and true!):
"My dearest! forget me not!"



So the ages still as a heritage claim
 That legend of long ago;
 And "forget-me-not" shall be ever thy name,
 Thy sweet, sad gift from the hand of Fame,
 Love's blossom of azure glow!

*Origin
 of the
 Forget-
 me-not.*

A LEGEND OF SAINTS PETER AND PAUL
 IN THE MAMERTINE PRISON.

TWO captives lay bound in that dungeon
 deep,
 In foulest caverns of haughty Rome;
 The leader Love chose for His "lambs and
 sheep,"
 And he who guided the Gentiles home.
 Ere endeth the morrow, lo! each will die
 At cruel hands of a ruthless horde;
 One, like to his Lord, they will crucify,
 And one destroy with the Roman sword.
 But grace by the prisoned Apostles brought
 Illumed their guards with its Heaven-sent
 beam,
 And, owning its Mercy, they swiftly sought
 The priceless gift of the saving stream.
 When Peter's hand traceth the Sacred Sign
 Above the Mamertine's reeking floor,
 The crystalline floods of a Fount Divine
 Out from the festering foulness pour!
 Ah! brighter than dew on a sunlit lea,
 The foreheads wet with its sweet drops glow.
 And when, on the morrow, in torrents free,
 Your blood, O Princes of Faith! shall flow,
 Aye, when to the "joy of the Lord" ye
 spring,
 Your martyred jailers that bliss will share—
 For ye to the Kingdom of Love shall bring
 Their soul-gems, meet for its Lord to wear.

A GREETING TO THE FROST.

HAIL, O mimicry of Winter!
Hail, thou shadow of the snow!
Fleecy fragments torn from cloudland,
Just to veil the dust below,
Till the Midas-touch of sunshine
Bids it turn to golden glow.
Yet, thou web of fairy tissue,
Crystal essence of the dew,
Of old Winter's northern vestment,
(Save in thine unsullied hue,
Thou art *not* the faithful symbol,
Thou art *not* the likeness true,—
Nay, thou 'rt but a fleeting phantom,
Evanescent, thin, and frail,
White caprice of tropic Winter,
Who hath filched the bridal-veil
From the cold brow of the Northland,
Mocking thus its landscapes pale.
Thine the charm of sweet illusion,
'Neath the Night Queen's silver ray,
Or the jewel flash of starbeams;
But, when comes the conqu'ring Day,
With his gleaming, golden lances,
All thy splendor melts away.
Yet thou bringest fond remembrance
Of the Winter's charms of yore,—
Of the pleasures never tasted
On this blossom-broidered shore,
Where when skies have wept benignly
Winter's gentle reign is o'er.
Oh, the glory of the Frost-King
In the lands beyond the sea!
Where his icy jewels glisten
On the lone and leafless tree,
And his ermine robe enfoldeth
Faded field and blighted lea.

There from out the cold blue ether
Shine the stars with brighter glow,
There the pure heart finds its symbol
In the white, unspotted snow,
And the calm of Heaven is mirrored
On the peaceful plains below.
Oh, the music of the Winter!
Oh, the laughter, clear and sweet,
Ringing where the merry sleigh-bells
Onward urge the coursers fleet,
Or where o'er the prisoned waters
Swiftly speed the skaters' feet.
Oh, the tenderness of Winter!
For it taketh kindly heed
For the flowers that shall spangle
All the Summer's smiling mead,
For the harvests that shall ripen
From the snow-protected seed;
And its loving care extendeth
To the softly sleeping dead,
For its mantle's white adornment
On the lonely grave is spread,
E'en till Spring shall bid the daisies
Blossom o'er each grassy bed.
And for this so sweet remembrance
Shall my grateful glances hail
E'en this mimicry of Winter,
E'en this shadow faint and frail
Of the soft, yet lingering, snow-drifts
Of the Northland's icy veil.

*A
Greeting
to the
Frost.*

THE VALUE OF A MOTHER'S TEARS.

A SAINTLY mother for her dear one wept,
And pleaded day by day.
The sinful son in erring courses kept,
Nor sought the heavenward way.

*The Value of
a Mother's
Tears.*

But thus the holy Bishop calmed her fears:
"Take courage; for that son
For whom thine eyes have shed so many tears
Will yet by grace be won."

Hope filled her heart; at last sweet triumph
came,—
Blest crown of tearful prayer,—
The Church of God records Augustine's name
High on her tablets fair.

And rare art-gem, by gifted pencil done,
Portrayeth wondrously
That saintly mother with her saintly son
Communing by the sea.

O Christian mothers! who unceasing weep
For dear ones day by day,
That, demon-led, in sinful courses keep,
Nor seek the upward way,

Let holy Monica with potent art
Give consolation sweet,
As her blest lips to each despairing heart
These words of strength repeat:

"List, pleaders fond! Bid Hope dispel your
fears!
The wild and wayward son
For whom a mother sheds her prayerful tears
Shall yet by grace be won!"

THE SOAP-BUBBLE.*

TREMBLINGLY 't is born, and timidly it
grows,—
First in palest tints of amaranth and rose,
Till its brilliant face with rainbow splendor
glows.

Wafted by a breath, it leaves its cradle fair,
And in swelling pride, borne on wings of air,
Seeketh sunlit space, and, soaring, dieth there.

Thus illusions, born in Hope's caressing sigh,
Win the rainbow's hues, and forth like bub-
bles fly,
Fill the thoughts with light, and, proudly
soaring, die.

CITY VERSUS COUNTRY: A COCKNEY'S LYRIC.

LET others sing in lyrics sweet,
And chant in softly flowing measures
Their praise of Nature's green retreat,
Their eulogies of rural pleasures.
Aye, let them seek the sylvan shade
Where leafy boughs are gently waving,
And find within the mossy glade
Sweet spots for sentimental raving.

I scorn the charms of country bloom,
And coldly turn from streamlet's singing,
For me the groves are filled with gloom
And caterpillars, foully clinging.

* Translated from the Spanish.

*City
versus
Country.*

My muse shall ring an urban chime,
And troll a glad street-organ ditty,
And praise (albeit in jingling rhyme)
The Cockney's loved and lovely city.

Its crowded streets are dear to me,
And sweetly sounds its busy clatter;
At gay shop windows, fair to see,
I love to stop and gaze and chatter.
Why should I sigh for meadow's bloom,
When blossoms deck the last new bonnet?
Can I not buy each bud's perfume
Distilled, with Lubin's label on it?

Why drench my skirt and soak my shoe
With crystal drops in woodland shining?
Lo! diamonds brighter than the dew,
On velvet thrones with satin lining!
The peach may grace the rustic's dish,
The grape may hang its drooping stem on,
Like Sydney Smith, I do not wish
To be "ten long miles from a lemon."

For moonbeams, and for waters wide
Enough to sail the fleet of Jason,
I'll gaslight take, and streams that glide
Both hot and cold to bath and basin.
Ah! tell no more of verdant lanes,
In poet's fair fictitious story,
While dust-clouds, raised by creaking wains,
Bedim your summer toilet's glory.

Give *me* instead the pavement clean,
O'erspread with awning-shadows gracious,
Or, better still, a ride serene
Within a street-car smooth and spacious.

E'en would I rather pace the town
Beneath a shadeless "sol ardente,"
Than take, where bugs are dropping down,
Your arbor's "dolce far niente."

*City
versus
Country.*

So, keep your calm Arcadian wild,
Your country Eden's sweet seclusion,
I'm still the city's faithful child,
And love its Babel-voiced confusion.
Not single in this taste I am,—
All hail the "gentle Elia" witty!—
The gifted Cockney, Charley Lamb,
Who "hated fields," and loved the city!

THE CYNIC'S FAREWELL TO THE SUMMER AND GREETING TO THE FALL.

LIKE our immortal Washington,
"I cannot tell a lie,"
I cannot hide the happy smile
Beneath the heavy sigh,
Nor bid the hated visitor
A lachrymose good-by.

And so unto our summer queen
In savage tones I say,
Thou art a vixen and a shrew!
And on our town and bay
I'm glad to see thee turn thy back
And flounce in wrath away!

I've nought but angry memories
And spiteful thoughts of thee,
For thou didst bring thy furious blasts
Across the Western Sea,
And bid them rage through weary months
In wild and fiendish glee.

*The Cynic's
Farewell.*

And thou didst veil the azure skies
In vapors chill and gray,
In palls of damp and dreary fog
That lift not night or day,
That shroud within their leaden folds
Sun, moon, and starry ray.

And thou didst bid a rain of dust
Succeed the vernal showers,
And steal the emerald from the lawn,
And brightness from the bowers,
And with its sickening scent destroy
The fragrant breath of flowers.

I hate thee, Summer, everywhere!
On far Atlantic's coast,
Beneath thy scorching, dazzling beams
The wretched natives roast,
Till the maiden's lily hand grows like
A slice of blackened toast.

Ah, pleasant is the balmy Spring,
When blossom-broidered plains
Are dewy with soft memories
Of kindly Winter rains,
And rows of blooming orchard-trees
Lean o'er the grassy lanes.

And pleasant is the Autumn bright,
With tranquil sunny days,
When blasts are hushed to zephyrs bland,
And, touched by magic rays,
The mists become the mountain's crown
Of dreamy purple haze.

And so I hail thee, season loved!
October, welcome be!
With matin praise and evening lays,
And smiles of ceaseless glee,
That shine responsive to the light
Thou shed'st o'er land and sea.

*The Cynic's
Farewell.*

But unto thee, O Summer vile!
In spiteful tones I say,
Good riddance to thee, blusterer!
For on our town and bay
I'm glad to see thee turn thy back
And frowning, flounce away!

COPA DE ORO.

A PLEA FOR THE SPANISH NAME OF THE ESCH-SCHOLTZIA—COPA DE ORO (CUP OF GOLD).

LONG ere the strong-limbed miners tore
From out thy heart, fair land of gold,
Uncounted wealth of shining ore
Deep buried in thy mountains' hold,

Up from the quartz-veined rocks below,—
Oh, strange yet fitting birth-place!—came,
To greet the sunlight's kindred glow,
A wondrous flower, with leaves of flame.

They who first hailed its gleam among
The paler blooms of mead and wold
Called it, in soft Castilian tongue,
"Copa de oro—cup of gold."

We own the name most sweet and true,
Who see, when vernal skies are bland,
Its golden chalice, gemmed with dew,
Unclose at Morning's gay command.

*Copa
de Oro.*

In later years, a pilgrim came
From far beyond the tossing sea,
Who bade, with harsher alien name,
Our chosen blossom sullied be.

But let us from its leaves efface
That stain unsightly, and once more
Bring back its ancient title's grace
To deck it as in days of yore.

It is *thy* emblem true and bright,
O radiant Empire of the West!
It wears *thy* robe of flame-hued light,
Thy sunbeam-halos wreathe its crest.

In fancies of poetic dreams
'T was fashion'd from thy shining ore,
And rose to shed its golden gleams
O'er all thy bloom-enameled shore.

So, wondrous flower with leaves of flame,
In future as in times of old,
Still wear thy sweet Castilian name
Of "Copa de oro—cup of gold."

Chamisso, the German poet, on a visit to California, many years since, discovered this flower and named it *Eschscholtzia*, for his friend and botanist, Eschscholtz; but its old Spanish name was "copa de oro" (cup of gold). This flower has been chosen as the emblematic flower of California.

A LEGEND OF THE ASPEN.

WITHIN a sunlit meadow stood
A restless aspen-tree,—
Far from the dim and crowded wood,
Where no fantastic dreamer could
Its mystic trembling see.

But there, where Summer's cloudless ray *Legend of
the Aspen.*
Illumed its shuddering leaves,
I watched them through the long bright day,
Spellbound, as on the grass I lay,
Amid the banded sheaves.

In breathless noons they trembled, till
I asked, o'ercome with awe,
What nameless fear hath made ye thrill?
What dreadful scene, remembered still,
That once your branches saw?

In words poetic faith receives
This legend answers me—
Suiting the dream that Fancy weaves
Around thy ever restless leaves,
Mysterious aspen-tree!

The wayworn Three, who "rose by night,"
And o'er the desert's sand,
By angels guarded, took their flight,
Through torrid day and sultry night,
To Egypt's safer land,

Aneared at last their blest retreat,
And at its entrance fair
A grove they saw, a shelter sweet
For drooping forms and weary feet,
Serenely waving there.

'T was formed of every tree that grows
Within the forest bower,—
Aye, every leafy branch that throws
Cool shadow when the sunlight glows
With Summer's fervid power.

*Legend of
the Aspen.*

As nearer came the wearied Three,
Lo! even to the sod
In homage bowed each graceful tree,—
For Nature's guiltless eyes could see
And know its hidden God.

Ah! sooth, it was a picture rare
For artist's reverent hand,—
The Mother-Maid, the Infant fair,
Their guardian, with his silvered hair,
And that bent forest band.

But one—the stately aspen-tree—
Refused the worship blest.
In pride that would not humbled be
She raised her branches haughtily
And reared her leafy crest.

The Saviour saw,—an instant fled,—
Then 'neath His lightning gaze
The rebel bowed her lofty head,
While through each leaf a sword-thrill sped
Of horror's wild amaze.

And since, though peaceful Summers shine
And breathless noontides glow,
By trembling strange—the fearful sign
Of ceaseless malison Divine
The aspen's branches show.

This tale poetic faith receives,
This legend answers me,
And suits the dream that Fancy weaves
Around thine ever restless leaves,
Mysterious aspen-tree!

THE GUIDING STAR: A CHRISTMAS
POEM.

WHEN the sages from afar
Sought the birthplace of the King,
Lo! a star no cloud could bar
Led their ceaseless journeying.

On it, as it "went before,"
Ever turned their eager gaze,—
Sea and shore they traversed o'er,
Guided by its mystic rays,

Till it stood—that beacon blest—
Where Love's Light lay veiled and dim,
And (at rest from wondrous quest)
"Entering in" they worshiped Him,

Where for shepherds as for them
(By the Star of Faith revealed),
Shone Love's Gem in Bethlehem,
From the churlish town concealed.

"Men of good will" near and far
Daily seek the King of kings,
And the Star no cloud can bar
Guides their eager journeyings,

Till o'er Love's wide-opened door
Lo! they see its glory shine
Evermore, their God before
(Hidden in His altar-shrine).

For that "Olive-Starlight's" beam
From Love's sanctuary blest,
E'er shall stream, with fadeless gleam,
Pointing there, the pilgrim's rest.

THE LILY OF CALVARY: A LEGEND OF
THE CRUCIFIXION.

LOVE'S work was o'er—aye, all was con-
summated;
His Saving Blood no longer redly streamed;
For Death Divine had thirst of Justice sated
And captive Earth redeemed.

And he whose lance with ruthless thrust
unsparing
From Love's rent Heart poured out its last
sweet flow,
Came slowly now, his favored weapon bear-
ing,
Adown the Mount of Woe.

Still on his spear a single drop hung brightly,
By hov'ring angels guarded tremblingly.
Ah! must it fall in roadside dust unsightly,
And foully trampled be?

Nay! sprang to birth a wondrous lily-flower,
And on its breast the precious drop reposed;
But when its leaves received their priceless
dower
Those radiant petals closed.

A bright archangel, o'er the blossom bending,
With reverent hand detached it from the sod,
And on swift wing to heavenly Home ascend-
ing,
In fadeless fields of God

With loving care the sacred bloom he planted, *The Lily of*
But though it loved its blest abiding-spot, *Calvary.*
The angel's dearest wish was left ungranted—
The bright bud opened not.

When willing hearts accepted Love's sweet
story,
His sacred Cross, no longer thing of shame,
From Christian spires shed down its tender
glory
O'er Earth, that blessed its name.

And when they saw the long and pure pro-
cession
(Clasping that cross) o'er many a pagan clime
March bravely on in ceaseless, glad succes-
sion
To Martyrs' death sublime,

Then Heaven's bright hosts, before their
Monarch kneeling,
Thus craved: "O Hand that every boon con-
fers!
The lily ope—its precious gift revealing
To faithful worshipers."

The King of kings above that blossom bend-
ing,
His Hand outstretched,—thus doth the legend
tell,—
Swift oped the flower, and, earthward fondly
tending,
The gracious Blood-Drop fell

*The Lily of
Calvary.*

Within a chalice at that moment lifted,
By priest of God, with deep, adoring awe,
And his pure eyes, with sight supernal gifted,
The glorious Wonder saw,

While lowly bowed in deepest adoration
A sweet-souled maid thus murmured tenderly:
"My Lord! my Love! in fullest consecration
I give myself to Thee!"

How meet that of His creature's blest sur-
render
His Heart's last drop should pledge and
witness be,
At that first vow—that first oblation tender
Of virgin Purity!

THE LEGACIES OF OUR DIVINE LORD.*

AH! list to His mystical testament
Who suffered His world to save:
His seamless robe, by their rude hands rent,
To His murderers vile He gave.

The penitent, paying for crime its price,
He offered His pardon free.
Thus saying, "To-day in My Paradise
Thou shalt blissfully bide with me."

To the dearest of all His chosen ones
The agonized Man-God left
His Mother so loved, of the Son of sons
By His blood-bought race bereft.

*Suggested by a quotation from an ancient sacred writer
made in a recent sermon by one of the Paulist Fathers.

To all who will follow the Master's Feet
O'er the "strait and narrow" road
The priceless boon of His benison sweet
His bounteous Love bestowed.

*Legacies of
Our Divine
Lord.*

But—be warn'd, ye slaves to the greed of
gain—
The legacy of His curse
Was the hand's made foul by avarice-stain,—
For to Judas He gave—the purse!

THE COMING OF THE WORLD'S REDEEMER.

"HE will come!" the Prophets chanted, and
their Heav'n-inspired song
Floated down in ceaseless echoes through the
ages sad and long;
"Hail! O Bethlehem of Judah! not the least
nor lowest thou,
For to Him from thee proceeding shall the
conquered nations bow!"
"He will come!" the people shouted, "unto
us, His chosen race!
And His arm shall hurl the Gentiles from
His children's rightful place;
On the throne of royal David He shall wear
His kingly crown,
Unto Israel thus restoring ancient glory and
renown."

But he came not crowned with splendor, led
by worldly pomp and din,
And for Him His haughty nation had no
room in heart or inn.
But the Just Man watched beside Him,
where His sinless Mother smiled

*Coming of
the World's
Redeemer.*

O'er the straw-laid manger bending that
enthroned her kingly Child.

"He will come!" the shepherds murmured as
they watched their flocks by night,
But the Lord shone round about them, in
His floods of dazzling light.

And His angels sang: "He cometh! Unto ye
the Christ is born!"

And His lovely ones first hailed Him on His
glorious birthday morn.

"He hath come! the true Messiah!" spake the
chosen Gentile Kings,

Through the careless city passing with their
costly offerings.

"We have journeyed to adore Him from our
Eastern climes afar,
Safely led o'er waste and desert by His mystic
guiding star."

"He hath come!" still sing His angels, at the
holy Christmas time.

"He hath come!" the sweet bells echo pealing
out the Christmas chime.

"He hath come!" still sing His loved ones,
while with eager steps they pass,

To His altar-cradle speeding in the Christmas
Midnight Mass.

"He hath come!" Oh, haste to greet Him,
lowly shepherds, lofty kings,

With your simple, sweet heart-tokens and
your rich soul-offerings.

For His glory shineth round ye, and His
Starlight ne'er shall cease,

Till it guides ye, "men of good-will," to His
blest, Eternal Peace.

A LEGEND OF THE MAGNIFICAT.

IN olden time an abbey stood
Within a vale secluded, lowly,
Where dwelt a white-robed Brotherhood
Of friars, meek and holy,
Who kept their rule with strictness true
Nor slighted e'en the meanest labor—
For 't was their life's sole aim to do
Love's work for God and neighbor.

But all in vain they strove to bring
To sweet success one sacred duty.
Their aged voices could not sing
The Hours with tuneful beauty.
The woodland birds that oft before
Upon their chapel's roof alighted,
In terror fled, to come no more,
By discords harsh affrighted.
And so the Abbot willingly
His children's earnest pleading granted:

“That words of Sacred Office be
Devoutly said, not chanted—
All save Our Lady's Hymn—Ah! that
Recited,” said he, “can be never—
For Mary's own Magnificat
Must live as song forever.”

Time passed, until one festal eve
A sweet-voiced singer seeks admission,
And him the grateful monks receive
As Heaven-sent, blest addition.

“For, now,” they cry, “our Mother's hymn
Will chanted be with fitting sweetness.”
So when through vaulted arches dim

*Legend
of the
Magnificat.*

In Melody's completeness,
Resounds the singer's glorious voice,
In silent ecstasy they listen,
Their hearts with wordless prayers rejoice,
Their eyes, enraptured, glisten.

By ceaseless homage rendered vain,
The singer's heart, with proud elation,
Swelled, as he thought, "My gifted strain
Fills all with admiration.
Aye, e'en the wood-birds throng once more
The chapel's window-sills, delighted—
Nor flee in terror, as before,
By tuneless sounds affrighted."

Lo! came an angel visitant,
And asked the monks: "What stills your
singing?
For now no note of Mary's chant
From out your home is ringing.
Ah! when those echoed tones sincere
Resounded through our Golden Portal,
Their heart-felt fervor charmed the ear
E'en of the King Immortal."

The singer left that peaceful dome,—
Humility's stern lesson learning,—
While to a distant cloister-home
His footsteps meekly turning.

Their crudely sung Magnificat
The monks resumed, by zeal incited,
And though the woodland birds thereat
Still trembled, sore affrighted,

Yet, when on high those echoes sound,
Approving Heaven once more rejoices,
For Love with true success has crowned
His servants' reverent voices,

*Legend
of the
Magnificat.*

That, every day, their tone sincere
Sent echoing through the Golden Portal,
To bid the King with gladness hear
His Mother's song immortal.

DEW-DROPS.

WHEN the sultry daytime endeth,
With its cruel drought and dearth,
Then the balmy dew descendeth
To the faint and fevered Earth,
With its soft, benignant showers
Bidding languid leaves unclose,
Waking life in faded bowers,
Sprinkling diamonds o'er the rose,
And the welcome nectar bringing
To the drooping lily's cup,
Till her censer, gayly swinging,
Grateful incense offers up.
Precious drops! from Heaven descending,
Ah, how well ye typify
Sacred dew of Grace, unending,
Sent from Mercy's fount on high.

First, in Life's auroral morning,
From its blest baptismal showers
With celestial gems adorning
Fresh, unsullied human flowers—
When the noontide's dust, unsightly,

Dew-drops. Dims each bloom with blighting stain,
Dew of Penance, falling lightly.
Cleanseth all with potent rain.
And when Life's long daytime endeth,
And the Night comes, still and calm,
Sacred Unction's dew descendeth,
Rich with gifts of healing balm.
Lo! at dawn the angels gather
(For the fair, immortal bowers
Shrined in Kingdom of the Father)
Wealth of Grace-dewed spirit flowers.

THE YEAR'S NEW KING.

O NE, at close-locked entrance waits,
Rich in radiant panoply.
Loud his trumpet: "Ope your gates,
Kingdom of the year, to me!

"Lies the graybeard stark and still,
Dead upon his sable bier:
Ope, then, at the royal will
Of his heir, the youthful year!"

Soon the drawbridge, ringing, falls
O'er the darkly gleaming moat;
Soon above the towered walls
Fair new banners proudly float.

Wears the prince his father's crown,
Seated on that father's throne.
Servile courtiers, bending down,
Prompt and glad allegiance own.

“Subjects, haste to do my will!
Spread each board with festive cheer,
And when wassail-cups ye fill
Pledge your king the blithe New Year!”

*The Year's
New King.*

Pause, young monarch, in thy pride!
For a Mightier One than thou,
Ruler o'er earth's regions wide,
Bids thee bend in homage now.

For His vassal, lo! thou art,
Petty princeling, proud and gay;
Take thou, then, thy vassal-part—
Loyal tribute haste to pay.

Though within a stable born,
Poor with lowliest poverty,
Theme of worldling's sneer and scorn,
Deathless King of kings is He!

If thou sendest, in His Name,
Northward, southward, east, and west,
Sacred heralds to proclaim
Fallen man's redemption blest,

And if thou sheddest o'er each land
Gifts whose flowing ne'er shall cease,
Brought by kind, benignant hand
Of that bounteous Prince of Peace,

Then, with fond and eager will,
Earth shall spread thy festive cheer,
And thy wassail-tankard fill,—
Love-sent Ruler! Glad New Year!

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S DUMB ADORERS.*

OUR fathers told, in days of old,
This sweetest tale tradition weaves:
How brutes, kept safe in sheltered fold,
On chilly Christmas Eves,

Or crouched 'neath wall of straw-built stall,
Or roaming wild o'er ice-bound earth,
As midnight nears, are waiting all
The dear Redeemer's birth.

Hush, human hum! the hour is come!
Each beast doth bow the reverent knee
To Him who loves his creatures dumb,
Whose Maker blest is He!

And where He lies in meek disguise,
In Babyhood's frail semblance clad,
Each turns its soft, adoring eyes,
With silent rapture glad.

Oh, thus was told in days of old
This sweetest tale tradition weaves,
While yule-log's blaze drove hence the cold
And lighted Christmas eves.

SAINT MARTIN'S CLOAK.

BLEST Tradition shrines no fairer story
Than is this, of dear Saint Martin told,
Who in youth the meed of earthly glory
Sought and won, as warrior-chieftain bold.

* An old tradition tells that ever, on Christmas Eve, at the hour of the Man-God's birth, all beasts kneel in adoration.

But while flowers of tender loving-kindness
For the needy blossomed in his heart,
Still his soul through night of Pagan blind-
ness

*Saint
Martin's
Cloak.*

Groped—nor bade the dismal shadows part,

Till, one wintry day, as forth he wended
Blithe of mien, to join the battle's fray,
Lo! a beggar, with pale hands extended,
Feebly crouched beside the soldier's way.

Generous Martin with his store had parted,
Alms bestowing e'en since early morn,
Yet the brave young chieftain, tender-hearted,
Longed to aid this shiv'ring wretch forlorn.

So he tore the mantle from his shoulder,
Cleft its folds with broadsword keen and
bright,
And (for icy blasts blew ever colder)
Half his cloak he gave the beggar-wight.

When the hard-fought battle's fray was ended,
As brave Martin, crowned with victory,
Gladly forth on homeward journey wended,
Trolling folk-songs, in triumphant glee,—

Where he met the beggar, casting o'er him
Half his knightly cloak of brightest blue,
Lo! a thorn-crowned figure stood before him,
And his risen mantle's azure hue

In the morning's beam was brightly glowing,
For a nail-rent Hand the garment bore,
And its folds, united, soon were flowing
Round the soldier's stalwart form once more,

*Saint
Martin's
Cloak.*

While a Voice than music sweeter, clearer
Spake: "Thy love that served the beggar's
need

Unto Me, O knight, hath made thee dearer
Than thy valor's proudest, brightest deed.

"Take again the warrior's cloak thou gavest.
I was hid in seeming pauper's frame,
And thine earthly meed, O noblest, bravest!
Changed shall be to Heaven's immortal fame.

"Seek with humble heart the Christian's altar,
There be cleansed in bright baptismal wave.
Then, as holy priest, thou shalt not falter
In thy task the needy soul to save."

Conquered Martin knelt before his Master,
And full soon that sweet command obeyed.
Lo! his life, as Tours' devoted pastor,
Won him fame that ne'er shall fail or fade.

And 'tis said when Godfrey, angel-guided,
Banner chose o'er Zion's wall to fling,
Martin's mantle, by his love divided,
Was the flag of Salem's Christian king.

Holy Bishop! may thy potent pleading
From thy King, in fadeless Realm on high
Win for us thy prompt and generous heeding
Of each needy neighbor's woeful cry.

THE VISION OF CHARITY: A LEGEND.

FROM desert heat, with venom fraught,
A weary pilgrim, wan and faint,
With slowly toiling footsteps sought
The grotto of a hermit saint.

And in that cool, secluded cave
The wanderer found his needed rest.
For there the Lord's true servant gave
Glad welcome to each pilgrim guest.
"For me," he cried, "not thee, the boon,
Love's kindly task is pleasure sweet"—
Then stooped to loose the sandal-shoon
And lave the travel-wearied feet.
What vision meets his startled sight?
The heavy sandals fall, and lo!
On each bared Foot the blood-drops bright
From cruel wounds, like rubies glow!
With trembling glance of love and awe,
E'en higher still the hermit gazed,
And ah! two nail-rent Hands he saw
In benediction o'er him raised.
Then, while his inmost spirit shook,
Up to the thorn-encircled Brow
He lifted one swift, dazzled look,
And murmured: "Master! is it Thou?"
"Aye!" spake the Saviour's Voice Divine—
"The poor their imaged Lord shall be,
And whoso serves the least of Mine,
Behold! he also serveth Me!"

THE CROWNLESS KING.*

O UR long and weary toil is done,
Our precious prize securely won.
The Crescent's gleam of falsest dross
Is quenched by Truth's triumphant Cross,
And Zion's rescued walls shall ring
With welcomes for her Christian king!
O valiant Chief! that name is thine
By lawful claim, and right divine.
Hail, royal Godfrey! hail to thee!
True guide to glorious victory.

* Godfrey of Boulogne, Crusader-King of Jerusalem.

*The Crown-
less King.*

Before yon shrine our valor bold
Hath wrested from the Paynim's hold
Anointed hands shall bid thee wear
The jeweled crown of Zion fair."

"Nay! nay!" the well-loved Godfrey said,
And humbly bowed his noble head;
"Your king, brave comrades, I will be,
With blessings for your loyalty.
But ask me not a crown to wear
Within that faithless city where
A cruel wreath of thorns they gave
His Brow Divine, who came to save."

Submissive bowed his warrior-train,
And so throughout his gracious reign,
E'en till its latest day was o'er,
No crown that best of monarchs wore,
As vassal-steward, governing
The city of his thorn-wreathed King.
But the rich crown of jewels rare
His warriors fain would bid him wear
He sent unto his mother's hand
Within his distant native land,
And bade her with its gems endow
Her venerated statue's brow,
Whose sweet, protecting glances shone
Above the port of bright Boulogne,
The grateful seamen's homeward guide
From stormy ocean, wild and wide.

With joy the saintly mother blest
Obeyed her noble son's request.
And fittingly, while ages sped,
The crown of Salem wreathed Her head
Who sweetly deigneth e'er to be
Our gracious "Lady of the Sea!"

“THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT
LISTETH.”

IT bloweth where it listeth,
The wind so strong and free,
No man its might resisteth,
For no man's slave 't will be.

The restless sea obeyeth
The mandate of its breath.
And while the good ship swayeth
And sinketh to her death,
The billows twine above her
The foam-wreaths of the storm,
And 'neath their mountains cover
Her rent and ruined form.

The blast blows where it listeth
Across the land so fair,
And no man's strength resisteth
Its frantic fury there.
Oh, when it sweeps the forest,
Stout oak within its path,
All, all in vain thou warrest
Against its mighty wrath!
To earth thy form descendeth
Fell'd by its blows, that smite
Till from thy brow it rendeth
The leafy garlands bright.

And so, where'er it listeth
The tempest roameth free,
And no man e'er resisteth
Its rage on land or sea.
But fiercer, wilder, faster
It wrecks its mighty will,

*"The Wind
Bloweth
Where It
Listeth."*

Till Nature's God and Master
Commandeth: "Peace! be still!"
Ah! then, to whispers dying,
It calms its angry breath,
And mourns with softest sighing
Its work of woe and death.

THE BALLAD OF FRAU BERTHA*

"**F**RAU Bertha! Frau Bertha! thou lady so
bright
Afar in the Paradise land,
Oh, come in thy mantle of silvery white,
And bring in thy beautiful hand
The loaf that is sweet, of the heavenly wheat,
And the robes that are soft and warm,
That I of thy bountiful bread may eat,
May cover my perishing form
With the radiant garments so thick and soft,
For I'm dying of hunger and cold.
Frau Bertha! then come to my lone garret
loft,
And round me thy arms enfold.
My mother's asleep in the churchyard so
gray,
And deaf to my wailing is she,
And my father drinks deep all the night and
the day,
And nobody careth for me."

*One of the most charming of the charming German legends is that of Frau Bertha, or the White Lady. This mythical personage is always robed in white, and comes in response to the cries of neglected children, rich or poor, to soothe their griefs and minister tenderly to their wants.

Frau Bertha she listened, that lady so bright
Afar in the Paradise land,
And she came in her mantle of silvery white,
And brought in her beautiful hand
The bread that was sweet and the robes that
 were soft,
And she gave of her bountiful store
To the destitute child in the lone garret loft,
And he hungered and thirsted no more.

*Ballad
of Frau
Bertha.*

“Frau Bertha! Frau Bertha! thou lady so
 bright
Afar in the Paradise land,
Oh, come in thy mantle of silvery white
And soothe with thy motherly hand
That fever that burneth my brow and my lip
And rendeth my limbs with its pain;
Oh, give me cool draughts of the water to sip
That I crave and I call for in vain;
For my mother hath gone to the King’s palace
 fair,
And cold and unloving is she,
And my nurse is asleep in her soft easy-chair,
And nobody careth for me!”

Frau Bertha she listened, that lady so bright
Afar in the Paradise land,
And she came in her mantle of silvery white
And soothed with her motherly hand
The fever that burned on the child’s brow and
 lip
And rent his young limbs with its pain;
And she gave him sweet draughts of cool
 water to sip,
And he thirsted no longer in vain.

*Ballad
of Frau
Bertha.*

But a cold mother's heart on the morrow was
filled
With remorse that could never restore
Life's throb to the heart that forever was
stilled,
That was grieved and neglected no more.

THE SINNER'S BELL.

O H, the olden City of Breslau is
A busy town, I ween;
From dawn till dark, the toilers there
On every side are seen.
Only at night they stretch their limbs
In idleness serene.

But once of late the citizens
Found time to keep full well
The glad five hundredth birthday of
Their stately Stadt-Haus bell.
Concerning this, Tradition hath
A tale I fain would tell:

Aye! five long centuries have passed
Since burgomasters great
(Led by their Mayor worshipful)
In solemn pomp and state,
Held (as they still are wont to do)
A long and loud debate.

The fierce discussion's weighty theme
Was this: Their city's pride,
The massive Stadt-Haus, newly reared
The spacious square beside,
Must have a bell, with deep-toned voice,
To echo far and wide.

And this sonorous monitor
Must fashion'd be full well.
Aye! aye! no common hand should cast
Fair Breslau's mighty bell,—
No clumsy cracks with discords mar
Its tongue's melodious swell.

Each wordy battle, loud and long,
Each wearisome debate
To calm conclusion came at last,
And burgomasters great
(Led by their Mayor worshipful)
Marched forth in solemn state

To shop of famous artisan
Whose skill was widely sung,
Whose bells, in great cathedral towers,
O'er all the land were hung.
One e'en beneath the Haupt-Stadt's dome
In sounding echoes rung.

They plied him well with questions shrewd,
They haggled o'er the price,
And scanned so long each pattern rare
And quaintly carved device,
That thus he jeered: "Ye crave, methinks,
A bell for Paradise!"

They made at length a fitting choice
Of fair and graceful plan;
They gave their pompous orders to
That famous artisan,
And he, on one bright summer morn,
His mighty work began.

*The
Sinner's
Bell.*

But when the molten metal, bright
As stream of liquid gold,
Was ready for its prison-home
Within the shaping mold,
The 'prentice-lad, in breathless haste,
Came, and of business told

That craved the master's instant heed,
That brooked not e'en delay.
The founder said: "I go! but thou,
To guard my work, must stay.
But on yon vessel for thy life
Not e'en a finger lay."

In spellbound awe the 'prentice-lad
Long on the bright stream gazed,
Then, moved by sudden impulse, he
The brimming vessel raised,
Into the mold the metal poured,
And then, by terror dazed,

The dreaded master quickly called,
And with wild sobs confessed
His boyish fault, but at the tale
Within that master's breast
Fierce anger surged and demons dark
His frenzied soul possessed.

Deeming his proud work ruined, he
With swift and savage blow
Struck to the earth the trembling child—
And then—oh, joy! oh, woe!—
All cooled to shape symmetrical
He saw that metal's glow.

It was the founder's masterpiece,—
With purest gleam it shone.
No blemish marred its graceful form,
No discord jarred its tone—
But now, with tears of agony
And wild, remorseful moan.

*The
Sinner's
Bell.*

On the dead boy his murderer
Long, long in anguish gazed;
Then fondly from the blood-stained floor
The death-cold body raised
And bore it where the magistrate
Sat, girt by throng amazed.

In gasping words he told his tale,
And to his sad abode
He swiftly led the wondering crowd,
And with wild gestures showed
The blood-marked floor, the bell that now
In fair completion glowed.

They doomed him to the felon's death.
And to its woeful place
(While sadly tolled his fatal bell)
He walked with feeble pace,
And faintly cried: "Dear Christians, pray
For this poor sinner's grace!"

And now, in noisy Breslau, where
They kept its birthday well,
This legend of its casting strange
The busy burghers tell,
And to this day their city's pride
They call "The Sinner's Bell."

A LEGEND OF THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

WHERE passed meek footsteps of the
Child Divine,
By glad obedience sent,
Where the blest Mother, gentle, pure, benign,
On kindly errands went.
Where Joseph walked, (his look the truth-
ful sign
Of Duty's just intent,)
A smiling blossom, dewy-eyed and sweet,
Sprang up as on they trod;
It poured blest incense o'er their sacred feet,
And on the favored sod,
Gifting with store of ceaseless homage meet,
Love's guardians and their God.

And e'en till now, in far-off Eastern land,
Where'er that blossom grows,
Each townsman grave, each chief of desert
band
The mystic flow'ret knows.
Naming it still (while pointing reverent hand)
"The Holy Family's Rose."

GLORIFIED DUST.

I SAW a hand of darkness dim
The summer's noon of glory.
It checked the fountain's gleeful hymn,
The brooklet's babbling story,
And over all in letters grim
It wrote, "Memento Mori."

Dun meadows from the shrouded light
No dewy sheen could borrow;
The leaves lay hid in dusky night,
Nor hoped a verdant morrow.
For human guilt the blossom bright
Wore penance-veils of sorrow.

*Glorified
Dust.*

O'er crowded street and country lane,
On breezes swiftly sweeping,
Still came the dusky-pinioned train,
In pillared clouds upleaping.
From busy mart, from silent plain,
Their ashy harvest reaping.

No spot too sacred, no retreat
Too sheltered for intrusion.
The shrine was soiled, the cottage neat
Was filled with strange confusion.
I dreamed of arbors fresh and sweet,—
Alas, the vain delusion!

“O foul, unsightly dust!” I cried,
O bane of leaf and flower!
Your atoms mock our human pride
And scorn our boasted power,
And all that Art hath glorified
Becomes your certain dower.

“O spoiler of the summer's bloom,
The springtide's brightness tender,
Can nought dispel thy dusky gloom,
And give thee golden splendor?
Can aught thy penance-robe illumine,
Thy atoms lovely render?”

*Glorified
Dust.* E'en as I spoke, in slanting line
A golden beam descended,
And o'er the casement's clinging vine
Its way of brightness wended,
And in its radiance divine
Each leaf shone clear and splendid.

And on that gleaming stairway rose
A dusty column slowly;
And till the evening's tranquil close
In golden brightness holy
Still floated there, in calm repose,
Those motes so brown and lowly.

Entranced, I saw that line of light,
And hastened then to render
Meet thanks unto my teachers bright
(Those dust-grains robed in splendor)
For giving to my blinded sight
Such lesson sweet and tender.

For (thus I mused) each selfish thought,
Each earthward aim unsightly,
Each deed with worldly dust o'erfraught,
From earth upspringing lightly,
May show such transformation wrought
By grace, descending lightly.

Ah, blessed beams of Light Divine!
Illume my latest even;
Upon my soul in splendor shine
And bid its earthy leaven
Float upward in a golden line,
A glorious path to Heaven!

THE CHARITY OF THE POOR.

THE lavish lilies from full censers fling
Their fragrance far and wide;
And odors rich, upborne on zephyr's wing,
From generous rose-hearts glide;

But softly stealing through the dim retreat,
Where lowlier gems are set,
More precious far the pure aroma sweet
Of meek-eyed violet.

Leaf-robed and crowned, o'er many a mossy
dell
The forest grandly towers;
And countless throngs may freely, blithely
dwell
Within its spacious bowers.

Yet he who toileth o'er a desert land
More blissful finds repose
'Neath the lone tree that o'er the near hot
sand
Refreshing shadow throws.

So, rich men's bounty, generous, full, and
free,
Fair boons may widely fling,
And sweet as breath of queenliest blooms
may be
The benisons they bring.

Yet these, like fragrance on the air out-
poured
From lily's stateliness,
Or richest odor in the rose-heart stored,
May e'en with balm oppress.

*Charity of
the Poor.*

But dear and precious to the poor man's heart
The sigh of sympathy
(From one whose life in woes like his hath
part)
As violet's breath will be.

The rich man's hand with fair and spacious
home
His houseless neighbor dowers,
But, like the wide-spread forest, oft its dome
Too far, too grandly towers.

The offered shelter in his brother's hut
More fondly will he share—
Too cramped the space, too low the ceiling,
but
The warmth of love is there.

Who feeleth not their suff'rings cannot know
What those tried hearts endure,
And so the truest charity below
Is practiced by the poor.

The rich man gives from cup that runneth
o'er,
And still its brim is crowned;
He taketh freely from his harvest store,
And still his fields abound.

The poor man giveth of his scanty hoard,
That scarce his wants supplies;
He feeds the beggar from his meagre board,
And thus himself denies.

Yet once—as blest Evangel-page hath told— *Charity of
the Poor.*
The widow's humble mite
Far more than gift of costly gems and gold
Found favor in Love's sight.

His words divine her tender act record,
And, while those words endure,
With bliss like hers shall Endless Love re-
ward
The bounty of the poor.

A LEGEND OF SAINT MARTIN.

THE saintly Bishop's Mass is o'er,
And now his thronging people pour
From out the wide cathedral door.

But as they gain the narrow street,—
Slow-moving still, in reverence meet,—
A sudden terror stays their feet.

Oh, why, bold burghers, thus dismayed?
What makes thy heart, brave knight, afraid?
A leprous hand outstretched for aid!

It wakes the jester's frightened howl,
And bids his lord, with angry scowl,
Shrink from the loathsome presence foul.

It prompts at last the cruel cry:
“Hence, daring leper! turn and fly
Back to thy dreary den to die!”

“Nay, cease!” a ringing voice commands.
And in their midst, with lifted hands
And visage stern, Saint Martin stands,

*Legend of
St. Martin.*

While trembling fingers point in scorn
Where, in the dust, he lies forlorn
Whose breath pollutes the sacred morn.

But wondrous scene is acted now;
For lo! the prelate-saint doth bow
O'er that vile wretch his holy brow.

He gently lifts the ghastly face,
Nor fears around his neck to place
The rotting arms in fond embrace.

Behold! the leprous one hath fled,
And swiftly riseth in his stead
A shining Form, with thorn-crowned Head!

And Martin, on his Master's breast—
Another loved Disciple blest—
Securely leans, in trustful rest.

And each who bends the contrite knee
Thus hears: "Who serves my least shall see
That e'en the leper hideth Me!"

THE MISSION OF THE MIGNONETTE.

ONE who served God, and loved his race
so well
That e'en the vilest he could ne'er forget,
Once kindly brought unto a dungeon-cell
A pot of mignonette.

Sick unto death, and wrapped in sullen
gloom,
Unsoothed, uncheered by e'en one hopeful
ray,

The wretched tenant of that dreary room
Prone on his pallet lay.

*Mission
of the
Mignonette.*

But when he felt the balmy sweetness rise
Like angel's breath throughout the fetid air,
He wildly gazed with strained and startled
eyes,

Crying: "Lost Eden fair!

"Dear, blooming garden of my boyhood's
home!

Where floral gems in dewy shrines were set,
Oh, hast thou wafted o'er the tossing foam
The scent of mignonette?"

Then on the tiny plant his glances fell,
And softest tears, the healing dews of grace,
Burst from his heart's long-seared and sin-
dried well

And streamed adown his face.

He touched the leaves with soft, caressing
hand,—

"Oh, be his life with richest blessings
fraught,

Who unto me, lost wretch, from freedom
banned,

This sign of hope hath brought!"

'T was e'en as though within the breath of
balm

And smiling petals of that simple flower
Strange influence dwelt—for sweet, celestial
calm

Stole o'er him from that hour.

*Mission
of the
Mignonette.*

Held was the plant in close and loving clasp
When the All-Father freed His pardoned
son;
Then fell it, broken, from his loosened
grasp,—
Its Heavenly mission done!

KING STEPHEN'S PROTÉGÉ.

KING STEPHEN through his palace fair
Like prison'd lion strode;
For goading fiends of anxious care
Within his heart abode.
Good cause that bold usurper had,—
Aye, grievous cause, I ween,—
For restless step, and musings sad,
And sternly troubled mien.
The legions of the Empress Maude
Swept England's northern coast,
And by their swarming numbers awed
His smaller, feebler host—
Yet through the clouds of anxious thought
That darkly wrapped his soul
One smiling ray, serenely fraught
With Hope's sweet sunlight, stole.
“My brave John Marshal—heart of oak,
And arm as iron strong—
Is there, and his resistless stroke
Shall slay their pride ere long.”

A herald came,—and that fair hope
Was crushed with sudden blow:
“My liege, we can no longer cope
With our relentless foe,
For John the Marshal—curses be
Heaped on his traitor heart!—
Hath taken with the enemy
A leader's treacherous part!”

More furious waxed the stormy wrath
That in the king's heart raged,
And fiercer on his restless path
He sped like lion caged.
He paused at last,—his sudden shout,
Made sharp with anguish, rang
In echoes fierce: "Ho! there, without!"
And through the doorway sprang
The mail-clad yeomen of the guard
In battle's grim array,
With swords in rest and helmets barred,
As for the savage fray.

*King
Stephen's
Protégé.*

"Hath John the Marshal kindred here?"
The monarch fiercely cried.
"He hath, my liege!" in accents clear
The leader's voice replied.
"He hath one son—a winsome boy,
True copy of his sire."
King Stephen's face with vengeful joy
Flamed like a lurid fire,
And loudly rang his laughter wild,—
"Ha! ha! Ye give me mirth!
Bring hither now this winsome child,
This pearl of priceless worth.

"This copy of a traitor vile!—
I marvel not ye start,—
How could ye guess such demon guile
Lurked in John Marshal's heart?
Yet all too true this news accursed
That whelms me like a flood.
And since I may not sate my thirst
With that foul caitiff's blood,
I'll spill his son's, for, sooth, 't is meet
To slay such traitor spawn.
Then haste to bring me vengeance sweet,

*King
Stephen's
Protégé.*

And work him woe—begone!
Yet, stay! it is the headsman's right
Such noble blood to shed;
So speed him hither—in my sight
Must fall that winsome head!
And I the cleft bloom shall uplift—
For 't is my fond desire
To send it, as my gracious gift,
Unto his worthy sire."
Forth went King Stephen's yeoman rough,
With downcast heart and sad,
For well the soldier brave and bluff
Had loved the fated lad.
Meanwhile the king, with savage glee,
Dreamed of the father's woe
When he that ghastly head should see
And well-earned anguish know.
But soon this childish murmur came
To break his musings grim:
"Ah me! the king hath spoiled my game.
Why must I go to him?
Nor do I love thee, yeoman, now,—
Thou dost not smile to-day,—
And there's a deep frown on thy brow
I fain would drive away.
Then, ere we go into yon room
I prithee sing with me!
To chase afar thine ugly gloom
The song I taught to thee."

[*Sings.*]

"A little lad went out to shoot, and he
Was armed with a new bow and arrow,
And he happened to see in an old oak-tree
A pretty and pert cock-sparrow.
And he laughed, 'Ha! ha!,' and he cried
'Ho! ho!
Oh, saucy and sly cock-sparrow,

I'll lay thee low, when I shoot thee, so!
With my fine new bow and arrow.'

*King
Stephen's
Protégé.*

Chorus: (I'll lay, etc.)

"Then he stood quite still on the grass, to try
The strength of his new bow and arrow;
But he aimed too high—far away in the sky
Flew the pretty and pert cock-sparrow,
With a gay 'Ha! ha!' and a glad 'Ho! ho!'
Said the pretty and pert cock-sparrow,
'I'm not laid low, though you shot me, so!
With your fine new bow and arrow.'"

"The chorus sing, Sir Yeoman! O!

It is a brave refrain.

But, pshaw! thy voice is weak and low.

I pray thee sing again!"

"Nay! nay! sweet lad! I must not sing.

And if we longer stay

We'll win the anger of the king,

For he is vexed to-day."

"Good yeoman, I'd not cause thee blame—
Although I do not fear.

For I'll make the stern king join my game!

Nay; list! you'll laugh to hear!"

They entered then the portal wide—

With gaze fixed on the floor

The soldier walked, but by his side

The child of summers four,

With lifted brow and fearless eyes,

Tripped on, and as he went

A smiling glance of sweet surprise

On Stephen's form he bent.

In sooth, he was a winsome lad—

So frank and brave his mien,

His merry smile so bright and glad,

His bright brow so serene.

*King
Stephen's
Protégé*

Fresh plantain-leaves in each small hand
He held with childish grace,
And raised his look of gay command
Up to the stern king's face.

“Sir King! I fear thee not, e'en though
They say thou art so great
That I must tremble, bending low
Before thy royal state.
But only cowards tremble! I
Will be a soldier brave,
To fight for thee, and gladly die
My honored king to save.
But thou hast spoiled my sport to-day!
And so, to punish thee,
My game of plantains thou must play,
O mighty king, with me!
These will I keep! then take thou those!
And he whose skill shall smite
The heads off all his plaintain foes
Shall gain the merry fight.
Once, twice, and thrice! the war begins!
To watch it, yeomen, come!
That ye may cheer for him who wins,
And beat your loudest drum.”

Amused, attracted, e'en despite
His vengeful hate and ire,
The king began the mimic fight,
To please the child's desire,
And as the merry strife went on,
He laughed with hearty joy—
And when 't was o'er, his wrath was gone,
Quelled by the winsome boy!
He loved him soon, with ardor true
He shared each childish sport,
And more and more the fair lad grew

The pride of king and court.
A noble knight the boy became,
Of brave, pure, valiant heart,—
In statesman's toil, in war's dread game
He played a glorious part.
To brave Earl Marshal tribute due
Tradition payeth still,
And boasteth of his courage true,
His wise and potent skill.
All strife was quelled, all hearts were won,—
So sings the minstrel lay,—
By John the traitor's loyal son—
King Stephen's protégé.

*King
Stephen's
Protégé.*

THE REWARD OF THE PALM.

AS upon their mystic journey
Bravely toiled the Blessed Three,
Longing in the safer shelter
Of the stranger's land to be,
Droops at last the Virgin Mother,
Worn and faint with hunger sore,
And with fervid beams that ever
O'er the sands their fierceness pour.
On her turn the pitying glances
Of the Infant born to save,
And his arms with potent gestures
O'er the barren desert wave.
Lo! upon the pilgrims falleth
Pleasant shadow, sweet and calm,
Where within the path before them
Lightly springs the graceful palm.
And it bends its laden branches
Gently at its Lord's command,
Till the fruit, in rich abundance,
Droopeth unto Mary's hand.

*Reward of
the Palm.*

Then Love's words of benediction
Thus upon the palm-tree rest:
"For the boon so kindly given
To my Virgin Mother blest,
Thou shalt grow in fields celestial,
O thou grand and gracious tree!
And thy verdant branches ever
Shall the victor's emblems be."

Swiftly throng His white-winged angels,
And those sacred boughs they bear
To a fadeless life immortal
In the Heavenly kingdom fair;
And the martyr-bands that bravely
Cross the cruel Crimson Sea
E'er His Land of Promise enter
Bearing palms of victory!

THE LEGEND OF THE MONK FERNANDO.

GOOD Brother Fernando, with grateful
eye,
Looked forth, in the springtide fair,
On the smiling bloom of the meadow's nigh,
On the stream that sang, as it sparkled by,
On the bright trees, seeking the far blue sky
By the mountain's purple stair.

And the reverent soul of Fernando caught
The echo of Nature's glee;
And he sang, as he lifted his Heav'nward
thought,
"Laudate! laudate! Praise Him who brought
This boon with beauty and gladness fraught,
This joy of the spring to me!"

But the kindly heart of the monk grew sad,
Rememb'ring the joyless throng
Of men, who saw not the landscapes, clad
In the festal robes of the season glad,
And whose dulled spirits no echoes had
Of the fair Earth's springtide song.

*Legend of
the Monk
Fernando.*

“ 'T is the hour to go from my loved retreat,
Afar, on the Master's quest.
And perchance I may bring, in the world-
waste's heat
To weary spirits and wounded feet
Some joy of the springtime fresh and sweet,
Some balm of its healing blest.”

So Brother Fernando, of gentle mien,
Went forth from his cloisters fair,—
From the smiling bloom of the meadow's
green,
From the stream that sang of the peaceful
scene,
And the trees that climbed to the sky serene
By the mountain's purple stair.

And a toilsome road was the thronged high-
way,
Where the good monk journeyed soon—
Where, foully gleamed from its dusty clay
A stagnant pool—and beside it lay
A leper, full in the blinding ray
Of the fierce and fevered noon.

The Pharisees fled in a wild affright
From the wretch's loathsome scourge,—
The babbling lovers of human right

*Legend of
the Monk
Fernando.*

And the chiefs who led in the heroes' fight
In honor shrank from that hideous sight
At the stagnant water's verge.

Good Brother Fernando! alone he stays,
For his heart was kindly and warm;
He turned on the stricken one tender gaze,
Then the call of his Christ-like love obeys—
And the strong, true hands of the brave monk
 raise
That festering, ghastly form.

He found true aim for his Master's quest,
And he guardeth his treasure well.
For he folds the limbs in his sacred vest,
And he clasps him close to his fearless breast;
And bravely he beareth his loathsome guest
To his calm, secluded cell.

There he lays on his own couch tenderly
The scarred and disfigured frame.
"At peace," he sayeth, "my brother, be;
For the Master's sake, thou art dear to me,
And I will minister unto thee
In that blest Redeemer's Name.

"I will bring sweet balm for thy fevered
 head,
And thy body so maimed and sore."
Then swift on his errand of love he sped,
As swift returned—the leper lay dead!
But his Form was cleansed, and his shining
 Head
A wonderful garland wore!

'T was the Crown of Thorns! and the Brow *Legend of*
was dyed *the Monk*
With the gems that over it glowed,— *Fernando*
The ruby drops of the marvelous Tide
That from Hands, nail-wounded, and Feet,
and Side,
In a limitless Torrent flowed!

Then prone on the floor of his favored cell
Good Brother Fernando lay,
But a Voice far sweeter than wind-harp's
swell,
Yet clearer than tones of the minster bell,
In words like these on his rapt ear fell:
"Thou nobly hast wrought, to-day.

"And the joy of the heavenly spring is
thine,—
'T is the recompense due to thee,—
For the leper hath hidden thy King Divine—
Ah, tender spirit and heart benign!
What thou hast done to the least of mine,
Behold! thou hast done it to Me!"

DIVINE MERCY.

O'ER all God's works His mercies are,—
With blest, benignant light,
In sun and stars, from heights afar,
They shine through day and night.
And though anon the clouds of woe
Across the sky may sweep,
And hide its glow from vales below,
In shadows chill and deep,
Yet, dark howe'er those mists may be,
The faith-illumined gaze,
From earth-notes free, can clearly see

*Divine
Mercy.*

Those bright supernal rays
That show where fadeless Light Divine
Beneath the storm-cloud lurks,
Where Love doth shine, with beams benign,
Above His wondrous works.
I bless my God that o'er my way
Such brightness e'er hath shone;
That night and day its tender ray
And fadeless smile have known—
That ever o'er His works thou art,
Still keeping watch and ward
(Thy ceaseless part) within my heart,
Sweet mercy of my Lord!

VIVA, SAN FRANCISCO!

SMILE, thou grand imperial city,
On thy Bay!
I to thee, in jingling ditty,
Tribute pay!

While the witless Eastern comer
Hither jogs,
Sneering at thy breezy summer,
With its fogs
Hill and valley coyly veiling,
Only just
While our gay winds, eastward sailing,
Raise the dust.

Out upon his saucy high tone!
He who dwells
Where the fierce and fiendish cyclone
(Prince of swells!)
Blows like braggart desperado,
Left and right,

*Viva, San
Francisco!*

While, before that dread tornado,
Ruined quite,
Fly the houses and the people,
Sinks the town,
Proudest dome and lofty steeple,
Tumbling down.

Never thus our climate varies,
Ne'er are met
In our weather-dictionary's
Alphabet,
(Though you search from A to Izzard,
Give we thanks!)
Fiendish letters, spelling blizzard,
Of whose pranks
We have heard, with grief and pity,
How 't will spread
Over many an Eastern city
Death and dread.
Oh, I'll gladly take my chances,
While life jogs,
City of the good St. Francis!
With thy fogs,
And thy merry winds, that never
Work thee harm,
Fresh'ning e'en with fond endeavor
Every charm!

THE GRAVE OF THE NORWEGIAN
PRINCESS: A LEGEND OF THE
ISLE OF SKYE.

MID the lone and rugged islands
That in sullen bondage lie
Where the raging Northern waters
On the rocks like wolf-dogs fly,
None so bleak and bloom-forsaken
As the tempest-tortured Skye.

*Grave
of the
Norwegian
Princess.*

To this realm of stormy wildness,
By the path where billows roar
'Twixt it and the rocky headlands
Of the frowning Scottish shore,
Came a band of savage Norsemen
In the far-off days of yore,

And a stern Norwegian Princess,—
Daughter of the Viking race,—
With their wild, imperious beauty
In her haughty form and face,
Hither led those fierce invaders
To her chosen dwelling-place.

“For,” she said, “this regal island,
Throned on rocks of granite gray,
Scorning rage of snarling waters
As the wrath of children’s play,
Seems a sacred fragment, broken
From our own loved Norrway.”

So they brought their ships to anchor
Near the rugged shore of Skye,
And that stern Norwegian princess
Ruled its rocky summits high,
And, like eagle from her eyrie,
Scann’d her realm with piercing eye.

But a sickness fell upon her
In the noonday of her reign,
And the fierce and fatal fever
Burned and withered nerve and vein,
And the haughty heart was riven
By the stabbing spears of pain.

To her deathbed, summoned swiftly,
Came her brave Norwegian band.
"Woe is me!" she faintly murmured,
As they kissed her nerveless hand.
"I shall never, O my Norsemen!
Greet again our native land.

*Grave
of the
Norwegian
Princess.*

"Swear, then, by the sacred banner
To obey this last behest:
When the death-god's dart hath slain me,
To yon highest rocky crest
Bear my form, and on its summit
Fitly hew my place of rest.

"There, where storm-clouds fiercely battle
With the winds in wildest fray,
Where the kingly eagle pauseth,
Resting on his sunward way,
Shall my spirit, from its prison,
Look toward my Norrøway."

To the Viking's royal daughter
Loving heed her clansmen paid.
Up the rugged steep they bore her,
In her ermine robes arrayed,
And within the mountain's bosom
Fitting tomb for her they made.

Long ago those wild Norwegians
Left the lonely Isle of Skye,
Where, as in the vanished ages,
Still the rocky coasts defy
Frantic wrath of shrieking waters,
Raging 'neath the headlands high.

*Grave
of the
Norwegian
Princess.*

But the hardy fisher showeth
To the pilgrims of to-day
Lonely mound on lofty summit,
Where, from out her prison gray,
Looks that proud Norwegian princess
Northward to her Norroway.

THE FIRE OF PRAYER.

A SCENE divinely fair
From blest Tradition's page,—
A legend-lesson rare
Of Faith's illumined age.

An Abbey gray and tall,
Enthroned on rocky height,
And robed in evening's pall
Of dim and dreamy light.
And, 'neath its peaceful roof,
Where holy brethren dwell
From worldly cares aloof,
Each in his narrow cell,
Behold!—yet who can paint
The crowning picture there?—
An angel-guarded Saint,
In ecstasy of prayer!
A penance-wasted frame,
And seamed by scourge and rod—
A world-forgotten name
High on the scroll of God!

He knelt, with brow upraised,
In adoration fond,
With shining eyes that gazed
The jasper walls beyond,
Yet faintest whispered tone
From parted lips came not.

Still as the sculptured stone
Upon that sacred spot
The kneeling form remains
While hours like swift birds fly,
And deeper darkness stains
The shining vesper sky.
And when the first faint stars
Steal out with timid rays
To pierce the gloom that bars
The loved Earth from their gaze,
A home-returning swain
Looks up, in prayerful mood,
To where the abbey fane
Upreats the saving Rood.
Lo! from that cloister home
A tongue of glowing fire!
It cleaves the stately dome
And wreathes the chapel's spire!
An instant at the sight,
With horror dumb, he waits—
Then swiftly scales the height
And thunders at the gates.
They hear his wild alarm;
They rush with footsteps fleet,
To save from fiery harm
The Master's prison sweet.
Yet vain their troubled search
Within those sacred walls,—
All safe the lamp-lit church,
And safe the darkened halls.

But, stay! from 'neath the door
Of one secluded cell
Strange floods of brightness pour.
They enter—who shall tell,
What human skill can paint,
The wondrous scene they saw

*The Fire
of Prayer.*

As on the kneeling Saint
They gazed in silent awe?
For from his burning heart—
Love's angel-watched abode—
Through smiling lips apart
The fiery splendor flowed!
Yet, rapt in holy dream,
The throng he heeded not,
Nor e'en the dazzling gleam
That filled that sacred spot.
And he had heard no sound
From pavement wildly trod.
In ecstasy profound
He dwelt alone with God!

Amid those beams divine
A while the brethren bow
To bid their halos shine
Upon each favored brow.
And then adown they steal
Unto the holy fane,
To wake with joyous peal
A glad Te Deum strain.

O sweetest, fairest scene
From blest Tradition's page!
May we its lesson glean,
To cheer this darkened age.
Lord, teach my soul the art
To win this fire of prayer
That from the fervent heart
Doth shed its brightness fair.
And though its wondrous glow
No human eye may see,
Oh, bid its radiance flow
In ecstasy to Thee!

THE GRACE OF THE CHRISTMAS
CANDLE: AN IRISH LEGEND.

O H, the Celtic children of faith believe
(Sweet, I ween, are their fancies all)
That when the bless'd candles, on Christmas
Eve,
Are lighted in cabin and hall,
The dear Child Jesus, with tenderest smile,
In the noon of that night sublime
Doth visit each home of their favored isle
While the mass-bells merrily chime;
And where'er He seeth the hallowed light
Of the tapers so tall and fair,
He entereth in through the casement bright
And leaveth His benison there.
And oh, till He crowneth again the year
With the glory of Christmas-tide
Shall blessings so sweet of the Christ-Child
dear
With the children of grace abide.
Their crops shall thrive and their store
increase,
For never a shadow of ill
Can dim the light of the heavenly peace
He bringeth to "men of good will."

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."

O SUNLIGHT! gilding land and sea
In Summer's glorious noon!
Earth's favored regions welcome thee
As best and brightest boon.

O moonlight! shedding silv'ry rays
O'er many a sleeping vale!
Ecstatic poets sing thy praise,
Thy soft, sweet splendors hail.

*"The Lamb
Is the Light
Thereof."*

O star-beams! set, as jewels rare,
Within the darkling skies,
And watching there with loving care,
Like myriad angel eyes.

And firelight, lode-star of the home!
Thence drawing love-linked hearts—
'Neath lowly roof or lofty dome
What joy thy flame imparts!

But golden sun, and silv'ry rays,
And stars that pilgrims hail,
And firelight, tender theme of praise,
Ye are but shadows pale

Of Light that floods with glow serene
Love's kingdom,—saith His Word,—
Whose wonders "eye hath never seen,
Nor ear of mortal heard."

Earth's beams combined too feebly shine
For realms of bliss above—
For, O the glorious Lamb Divine
"Is e'er the Light thereof."

Lord, let me on that glory gaze,
Where swells this ceaseless strain:
"Unto the Lamb be endless praise,
Once for His creatures slain."

A LEGEND OF THE WEEPING WILLOW.

GREEN-ROBED, and crowned with sunny
gleam,
That graceful, goodly tree
Once grew beside a crystal stream
In region fair to see.
It drooped not then its branches bright,

But high, in gleeful pride,
It bade them rise to hail the light
And cast their shadows wide.

*Legend
of the
Weeping
Willow.*

And ever from its inmost heart
It sang in ceaseless joy,
"Oh, nought can bid my bliss depart,
My happiness destroy!"
But 'mid its boughs, in answ'ring strain,
The wind that swept the lea
Forever wailed this one refrain:
"Alas! unhappy tree!"

And mingling with that murmur sad,
The streamlet moaned below:
"Oh, never let thy heart be glad,
Thou willow, doomed to woe!"
And from its leaves the bird-note rang
No more in songs of glee,—
There, too, that mourning minstrel sang:
"Alas! unhappy tree!"

Ah! then a deeper wrathful glow
Shone on each sunlit leaf,
As thus it cried: "Cease, sounds of woe!
I need no pitying grief.
But ever from my inmost heart
I'll sing in endless joy,—
For nought can bid my bliss depart,
My happiness destroy!"

.
A dismal dawning came at last,
When carols ceased on high,
When wildly shrieked the stormy blast,
And wept the sable sky;
And men with dark and sullen brows
Strode sternly o'er the lea,

*Legend
of the
Weeping
Willow.*

And paused beneath thy verdant boughs,
Thou graceful, goodly tree!

From every slender swaying limb
Its shining robes they flayed,
And of those boughs, in silence grim,
The cruel scourges made
That on the Man-God's sacred Flesh
With blows relentless fell,
Thence bidding torrents ever fresh
Of saving Life-Blood well.

Ah! then the hapless willow knew
Why on its native lea
The wind had wailed in warning true,
"Alas! unhappy tree!"
Why bird-notes joined that murmur sad,
And streamlet moaned below:
"Oh, never let thy heart be glad,
Thou willow, doomed to woe!"

It lifts no more its branches bright
Aloft in gleeful pride;
They never rise to hail the light
And cast their shadows wide.
But now, with sadly drooping stems,
The mournful willow grieves,
And now the streamlet's sorrow gems
Its earthward-bending leaves.

A THOUGHT OF EMERSON (VERSIFIED).

EACH ill our souls successfully resist
Henceforth our benefactor is, I wist.
As the wild warriors of the Southern main
Deem the whole strength of every foeman
slain

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By their brave hands is added to the dower *A Thought*
Their own frames had, thus giving godlike *of Emerson*
power

To nerve and tendon,—so Temptation's might
(By us o'ercome in persevering fight)
Unto our true hearts passeth, till at length
Well-nigh divine shall be our spirit-strength.

A SAYING OF ANTONINUS (VERSIFIED).

NOUGHT others' words and actions are
to me,
Whose business is to keep unswervingly
The honest road, and to myself the same
Wise rule express a piece of gold would
frame

Or sparkling emerald, if each had the sense
Its plan to tell, by speech's eloquence:
Let other gems reflect the heav'nly ray
Howe'er they please; in my appointed way
I'll woo the sunlight, and, contented, shine
True to the color and the species mine.

A THOUGHT OF HOLMES (VERSIFIED).

THE greatest thing, I find, is not
So much (while here below)
Where we have made our standing-spot
As in which way we go.

To reach the Heavenly Port we must
With the wind sometimes sail,
And sometimes 'gainst it; but, with trust
In Heaven, we must not fail
The speeding canvas still to lift,
Nor anchored lie, nor idly drift.

“LEARN OF ME.”*

MY Master's Heart so tender!
Can I Thy praise bestow?
Or for Thy favors render
The grateful meed I owe?
Sweet shrine of Love immortal!
Who shall Thy charms reveal?
O Heaven, unlock Thy portal!
Let earth their secret steal!

Meek Heart! in peace unbroken
Bid us Thy lesson learn,
And thus each prize and token
Of Thy rich bounty earn.
When in Thy school of duty
Our hearts shall pupils be,
O Heaven, in bliss and beauty
Then Earth will copy Thee!

From out His sanctuary
Love's king doth still impart
His precept salutary:
“Like Me, be meek of heart!”
He speaks thus from our altars,
As once from Calvary's crest,
O Heaven, aid Earth that falters
To keep His sweet behest!

“THE TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.”

HARK! O error-darkened age!
To that wondrous Birthday story
On the blest Evangel-page,
Traced in lines of deathless glory,

* From the French.

And by chosen heralds told
Unto "men of good will"—list'ning
Where, above their guarded fold,
Faith's celestial beams are glist'ning,—

*"Tidings of
Great Joy."*

Where through Life's long midnight deep
Favor'd watchers, meek and lowly,
Glad, ecstatic vigils keep,
Bowed before Love's brightness holy.

For He leads your Christmas-quest,
Hearts that linger not nor falter,
Till ye find your saving Guest
Cradled on His Truth's bright altar.

TIMES FLOWERS—THE DAYS.

WHILE Earth is glad and skies are gay
With ever-bright'ning glow,
Time bids the blossoms of To-day
To fair perfection grow.

They fade at last; in Night's deep gloom,
The grave of sunset ray,
Lies buried all that withered bloom
Of pale, dead Yesterday.

Yet, lo! when countless starry eyes
Have shed their dewy sorrow,
From out that mystic grave shall rise
The bright buds of To-morrow.

THE GLASTONBURY THORN.*

HE who above the Victim bent,
When Love's dread tragedy was o'er,
And to his own "new monument"
The body of his Saviour bore,
In after years, a toiler blest,
Within the Master's vineyard wrought,
And gladly, at Divine behest,
The Pagan soil of Britain sought.

On that Day's Eye which now we keep
With grateful joy—our Christmas merry—
The wearied traveler lay asleep
Upon the heath at Glastonbury.
And lo! his staff of carven thorn,
Beside him planted in the snow,
When sweetly dawned the Sacred Morn,
With fragrant bloom was all aglow!

And since that time it blossoms still
At each return of Christmas merry,
And pilgrims greet with awe-struck thrill
The wondrous thorn of Glastonbury,
That, when the groves are dry and sere,
And ruin reigns in Summer bowers,
Gleams brightly 'mid the Christmas cheer,
With fairest wealth of fragrant flowers!

*A well-known old English legend tells that Joseph of Arimathea (sent as missionary to Briton) when weary with travel fell asleep, on Christmas Eve, on the heath at Glastonbury. His staff of white thorn, standing beside him in the snow, was covered when Christmas Day dawned with snow-white, perfumed flowers, and it is still said to blossom every year at the coming of the Redeemer's Birthday.

THE SACRED HEART.

IMMORTAL Casket! meet to shrine
The Ruby Gems of Love Divine!
Clear Vase! whose crystal walls inclose
The crimson sheen of Mercy's Rose!
Unmeasured Chalice! ever filled
With saving Wine, so freely spilled,
That all a deluged world is dyed
With that pure Life-Blood's purple tide.

O Casket, let thy jewel's gleam
O'er darkest souls benignly stream!
O Vase, give now thy Royal Flower
To blossom in our desert bower!
O'erflowing Chalice! let each heart
Be fashioned with celestial art
To Thy Similitude Divine
To hold Thy life-bestowing Wine!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."

THREE kindly angels, crowned with light,
Illume our way through darkest night.
Safe shall they rest in realms above
Who follow Faith, and Hope, and Love.

But Hope must die, her mission done,
Where blissful certainty is won.
And Faith, when "face to face" we see,
Is lost in glad Reality.

One fadeth not, one dieth ne'er,—
But, robed in Heavenly radiance fair,
Shall keep through endless years above
Her glorious name—Immortal Love!

A LEGEND OF THE SYRIAN ROSE.

A T dawn of that wonderful Christmas
morn
When the "Light of the World," for its sake,
was born,
His angels witnessed a miracle fair
By the Child-God wrought in the wilderness
bare.
When the first sweet glance of His Love
shone out
O'er the cold waste stretching His cave
about,
Lo! the air grew soft with a warmth benign,
In the sunlike smile of the Babe Divine:
And where the lone desert had spread all
gray
In the wintry twilight of yesterday,
Fresh emerald meadows now gave repose
To the dewy leaves of the Syrian rose.

.
When His race uplifted the Crucified,
And the "Life of the World" for its dear
sake died,
The angels saw, in that strange death-hour,
The wondrous love of His Christmas-flower.
For the rose that oped when the Holy Child
O'er the dreary plains of His Bethlehem
smiled
Had followed the path of His footsteps slow,
As feebly they toiled up the Mount of Woe,
Till its roots were planted, its petals clung
Round the Cross where the Blood-dyed
Victim hung—
But it withered and drooped, as His death
drew nigh,
And folded its leaves at its Lord's last sigh,

And the Man-God smiled, in His Life's own
close,
On the loyal love of His Syrian rose.

*Legend
of the
Syrian
Rose*

At the dawn of that wonderful Day of Days,
When the "Light of the World," with its
deathless rays,
Streamed up from the tomb (for that world
a sign

That its life was won by a Life Divine),
Lo! His blest rose opened, to fade no more
Till the lengthened journey of Time is o'er.
It smiles in the garden, it brightens the vale,
And its sweet breath scenteth the summer
gale—

But, fairest at Easter-tide, e'er uncloseth
The wondrous leaves of that Miracle-rose,
And the gleam of its ecstasy seems to say:
"Rejoice! He is risen! 'Tis Easter Day!"

THE DAISY AND THE STAR.

WE are sisters!—we are sisters!"
Sang the Daisy to the Star,
As she watched her softly shining
In the vesper sky afar.
"Though you bloom within the heavens
And I gem the earthly sod,
We are Love's own blest creation,—
We are each the smile of God!"

"Aye, we're sisters,—happy sisters!"
Sang the Star in sweet reply
To the meadow's starlike blossom,
From her gleaming home on high.
"I the flower of fields celestial,

*The Daisy
and the Star.*

You the star of earthly sod:
We are Love's own blest creation,—
We are each the smile of God!"

Thus they sang their joyous greeting,
As they bloomed in beauty bright,
While the swift-winged hours were fleeting
Of the fragrant summer night;
Downward from the azure star-fields,
Upward from the em'rald sod,
Rang their chorus: "We are sisters,
And the tender smiles of God!"

THE SAINT'S SHADOW.

TOLD in legend, old and quaint,
Sweet this tale of unknown Saint,
Pure-souled, free from selfish taint,—
Walked his feet in lowly ways,
Calmly sped his sinless days,
Filled with fervent prayer and praise
As a flower on dewy sward
Is with balm. Then spake his Lord:
"Though thou seekest no reward,
Yet thy life so pleaseth Me,
Gift Divine I offer thee—
Choose thou what the boon shall be."
Thus the Saint, in answer, pleads:
"Grant me strength for Heav'nly deeds
Given to all human needs
For Thy sake, as on I go.
Yet, ah! never must I know
That from me the graces flow."
"As thou wilt," his Lord replied,
So, as forth his footsteps hied
Through the busy highways wide,
Or where lonely sufferers dwell,

Wheresoe'er his shadow fell,
With the needy all was well—
Ills were cured, and sorrows fled,
O'er each path was sunlight shed—
E'en the soul in evil dead,
As the dry, long-withered flower,
Gained once more its deathless dower
Through that shadow's wondrous power.
Yet the Saint had nought of fame—
Knew not whence the graces came,
And no echo rang his name
For these wondrous deeds of love,
Till the wings of Holy Dove
Bore him to his Home above
And, all toils and trials o'er,
Low he knelt his Lord before,
Crowned to be for evermore.
Now, through Heaven's immortal days,
Seraphs sing his fitting praise.
Guerdon thus his Master pays
For the loving deeds that he
Once performed unconsciously,
Self-hid, in humility.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE Old Year lieth out of sight,
Deep buried 'neath the winter snow,
Where, through the long, dark Arctic nights,
Weird banners of the Northern Lights
Above him stream with lurid glow.

So let us leave him to his rest,
And hail the New Year, blithe and free,
Who comes in royal raiment dressed,
And fain would be a welcome guest
And sharer in our festal glee.

*A Song
for the
New Year.*

Then let our fairest gifts be stored
In sunny hearts and homes for him—
Heap high the richest banquet board,
And let the beaded wine be poured
Until it crown the beaker's brim.

How brightly gleams his regal vest!
With rainbow hues from blossoms shed
The "rose of dawn" is on his breast,
And sunset splendors of the West
Are o'er his kingly mantle spread.

Within his crown what jewels blaze!
Rich treasures of the seasons bright—
Spring's moonlit beams and starry rays,
Sweet Summer's wealth of golden days,
And Winter's gems of crystal light.

What odors freight his balmy breath!
Glad tribute of each blooming bower—
For, when its petals fade in death,
To him fond Nature rendereth
The last pure life-sigh of the flower.

All blended tones of sweetness bring
The varied music of their lays.
The song that birds and brooklets sing,
The soft low hum of insect wing,
Borne sweetly through the changeful days.

Then hail the King, as from the East
He comes with Day's Auroral Star.
Ring out the chime, and spread the feast,
And bid the greatest with the least
Unite their welcomes, near and far.

Behold! he flingeth everywhere
His bounty bright in gleaming showers—
His jewel-moments, rich and rare,
That twine themselves in chaplets fair
To form the rainbow-tinted hours.

*A Song
for the
New Year*

Oh, may we set those priceless gems
In golden deed, and word, and thought!
That angel hands may fashion them
Into a glorious diadem,
A crown of light, divinely wrought.

Then, while on pinions softly swift
The last swift year of Time shall flee,
Our radiant brows we may uplift,
Encrowned with each bright New Year's gift,
To shine through glad Eternity.

THE SILVER DOVE: A LEGEND.

I FAIN would weave in simple rhyme
This tale most sweet of olden time.
Abode not then our Prisoned Love
Behind the altar's "Golden Door,"
But hung, that altar lifted o'er,
His Home a silver dove.

'T was thus within a convent where
The Abbess kept with tender care
A well-loved niece, an orphan child.
Columba was her gentle name,—
A title sweet, that well became
The dovelike maiden mild.

*The
Silver
Dove.*

Full oft she saw those favored ones,
The white-robed band of holy nuns,
Receive the Saving Bread Divine,
And e'er, as on their bliss she gazed,
Her longing eyes were fondly raised
Unto the Silver Shrine.

All humbly then that little maid
Before the Abbess, kneeling, prayed:
"Ah! let me, too, that feast partake!"
"Thou art too young," the nun replied,—
"Next year thou shalt, at Easter-tide,
Thy First Communion make."

Not yet was calmed that yearning heart;
In chapel dim she knelt apart,
And softly sighed: "Descend, O Dove!
And on thy shining silver wing
E'en unto me, oh haste to bring
The Precious Food of Love."

But hour by hour, and day by day,
She pined in silent grief away,
Until to walk too feeble grown,
She bade the nuns her slight form bear
Within the Church, and leave her there
Beneath the Dove alone.

But one who loved the holy child,
Whose heart, like hers, was meek and mild,
Behind her knelt, in musings blest,
And heard the sigh: "Descend, O Dove!
And bring the Gracious Lord of Love
To be my sacred guest."

And lo! the kneeling watcher saw
(While thrilled her very soul with awe)
The dove that o'er the maiden hung
Float softly to that child of grace,
And from its bright beak, opened, place
The Host upon her tongue!

*The
Silver
Dove.*

Ah! swiftly then the favored one
Who saw that Heavenly marvel done
To call her holy sisters sped—
But, lo! the dove on upward way
Had soared again—and, 'neath it, lay
Their sweet Columba—dead!



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